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UNSEEN.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

Once in that splendid temple of old time,
Mid strife and bloodshed, martial clang
and din,
Mid air of doom, and anguish sore, and
crime,
The spoiler entered in.

He gazed with curious eyes on all around,
His eager feet on white-laid marble trod.
He looked on gold and cedar, but he found
No carved or sculptured god.

And laughed a little in bewildered scorn
At this grand temple where he could not
see
Aught for the worship of one heathen born,
To mark the deity.

Invisible in his vast temple free
He reigned still, and spread from sky to
dun,
His glorious works, yet darkened eyes but see
A temple and no God.

And seething laugh in dream and scorn,
Seeing such beauty rest on flower-decked
and
Crying as did old the heathen-born,
"Empty, I see no God!"

OUR LAST NIGHT IN THE PEL- OPONNESUS.

BY G. G. BUSH, PH. D.

It was about the middle of April,
1877, after a day full of adventure,
that we found ourselves at Argos in
southern Greece. As early as four
o'clock in the morning we had set
out on foot from Corinth, untrammelled
by any luggage save a small
parcel which inclosed the mementos
we had gathered in our trip. Just
on the outskirts of the village we left
the parcel (which our eyes, alas!
have never since beheld) by the way-
side, and, turning into a by-path,
visited an ancient grotto of whose
fame we had heard.

After a weary, hurried tramp
through the vale of Cleonæ, past the
site of Kourtesa, which an earth-
quake, twenty years before, had laid
in ruins, and which only a ridge of
mountains separates from the ancient
home of the "Nemean Lion," and
through the narrow pass of the
slaughtered Turks, we came at length
to Mycenæ. Here during the winter
preceding our visit, Dr. Schlie-
mann had discovered the long-sought
graves of King Agamemnon and
four others of his family, the con-
tents of which we had already been
permitted to see in Athens. Late in
the afternoon we had descended the
slope upon which ancient Mycenæ
stood, had crossed the beautiful plain,
and just as the sun was setting had
climbed the rugged heights of the
citadel of Zarrissa which form the
background of the village of Argos.
After so toilsome a day we had
earned the right to rest at Argos,
but it could not be, for at midnight
we were obliged to be in Nauplia
to catch the weekly steamer for
Athens. It was already eight o'clock
when we set off on foot for this dis-
tant town, and so dark that we
sought the aid of a friendly Greek
to start us on our way.

The lights of Nauplia shone out
genially across the water, but so de-
ceptive were they, that it seemed as
if the city must be near at hand.
Our road followed the curve of the
bay, and as this made a wide de-
tour, those lights which had cheered
us at the start, seemed no nearer
after an hour and a half of rapid
walking than when we first set out.
At length we rounded the curve, but
as we advanced, the city seemed ever
to recede like the will-o'-the-wisp, or
the rainbow's arc. So over this
strange road through the dense dark-
ness we went, set upon now and then
by such villainous dogs as can be
found in no land but Greece, until
at last, at eleven o'clock, we reached
the walls of the city and stood before
the gate. I say before, for it was
closed and barred, and also the
"needle's eye" within it. What

should we do? The walls, the sea
and Mount Palamede completely in-
closed the city. We could not think
of turning back, and to advance
seemed impossible.

Discouraging as our plight was, we
did not despair, but gathering some
stones, we began to beat furiously
upon the gate, making the while in-
cessant and most vigorous use of our
voices, if by any chance we might be
able to rouse the guard; but it was
of no avail.

After nearly half an hour thus
spent, we happily discovered that
there was a small opening underneath
the gate. Though scarcely a span
in breadth, by taking off coat and
vest I succeeded, after one or two at-
tempts, in drawing myself under,
and a few minutes later stood within
the city. Enlisting the sympathies
of a young Greek, we crossed to the
water side, and speedily securing
boat and oarsmen, rowed beyond the
walls and took on my companion,
who had meanwhile been kept wait-
ing in suspense. Proceeding direct-
ly to the steamer which was still lay-
ing at anchor in the harbor, we
reached it just as the clock struck
the hour of midnight.

At daylight we were in the midst
of the islands which lie off the south-
ern coast of Argolis. An hour or
two later we rounded the promontory
of Syllaum and entered the familiar
waters of the Saronic Gulf. Running
close by rocky Ægina, at ten o'clock
Piræus lay before us, and beyond
arose the Acropolis of Athens—at
once the sightliest and the dearest
object in Greece—glorious still amid
its ruins which remain to tell the
traveler that here

"was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the
soul."

DID MOSES WRITE THE PENTA- TEUCH?

Evenings with the "Cluster Club,"
II.

The Mitchell brothers found the
club well represented, both by old and
young, and an eager look on every face,
when they arrived on the appointed
evening. Prof. Herbert was the only ab-
sentee, and as he was to be the leading
disputant, some uneasiness was mani-
fested at his non-appearance. To re-
lieve this, Mr. Moore started an inquiry
as to the origin of this agitation relative
to the Pentateuch.

"I wonder," he said, "when this
criticism began. For quite a while only
the geology of Genesis was questioned;
now we hear nothing more about that,
but the integrity of the book itself is
assailed. I suppose, though," he con-
tinued, "every generation will produce
its doubters, and each with some new
objection."

"I, for one," said Deacon Norton,
"had not heard a flap of these theories
until the club began to discuss them.
They must be quite new."

A moment's silence followed. Dr.
Kirk evidently felt that the club ex-
pected him to settle this query, and he
therefore spoke.
"The agitation is not new," he said.
"For over a hundred years it has been
going on across the water. There have
been several hypotheses put forward.
There is the 'documentary hypothesis,'
as it is termed, started by Astruc's book
in 1753. He called attention to the
Elohistic and Jehovistic sections, and
proposed to discover ten other documents
used by Moses in compiling his work.
Then there was the 'fragmentary hy-
pothesis,' formulated by Hartmann some
sixty years ago—that the Pentateuch
was composed of a series of fragments
loosely put together during the Exile.
Then came the 'supplementary hypothe-
sis,' advocated by De Wette, Dunsen,
and others, to the effect that the Elohistic
document—those sections in which the
name of God is *Elohim*—was the fun-
damental one, and that the Jehovistic
—the writer who spoke of God as *Jehovah*,
or *Jehohu*—was a later writer who
added to, subtracted from, and in var-
ious other ways worked over, the ear-
lier document. And there have been
other theories too numerous to men-
tion. For the present aspect of the
question we go back to Prof. Reuss of
Strasbourg, fifty years ago; Vatke,
Georgie and Von Bohlen followed in the
same line shortly after; Graf, a pupil of
Reuss, some twenty years ago, greatly
elaborated it; and its present most dis-
tinguished advocates on the continent
are Kuenen and Wellhausen. I would
not, however, give the impression that
these critics are unanimous in their
views; they are far from being in ac-
cord."

"Then you mean to say," said Mr.
Towle, "that for over a hundred years
the Mosaic authorship of the Penta-
teuch has been questioned?"
"Yes, and for even a longer time,"
said the Doctor. "Before Astruc's
time Spinoza wrote against it. Hobbes,
in England, over two hundred years
ago, declared: 'The Pentateuch seems

rather to have been written concerning
Moses than by Moses.' Going still far-
ther back, in the middle of the twelfth
century, Aben Ezra, in his commentary
on Deuteronomy, maintained that
while the Pentateuch was the work of
Moses, it contained interpolations; it
was not wholly his. If you wish to go
back still farther," the Doctor added
smilingly, "I will cite the author of the
'Clementine Homilies,' in the second
century, who denied the Mosaic author-
ship of the Pentateuch, and asserted
that the elders received the law from
Moses, committed it to writing, and
that it subsequently passed through many
changes."

"Well," said Deacon Norton, "if we
are to grapple with a question which
has been running for over sixteen cen-
turies and is not yet settled, I for one
give it up. Let the scholars continue
fighting over it. I guess the old Book
will stand it for a few centuries longer."

Some of the club were inclined to fol-
low the Deacon's lead, and give up fur-
ther discussion of the question, but at
this moment Prof. Herbert entered, with
an apology for his tardiness, and Mr.
Towle reminded the club of the press-
ing importance of the subject upon
which they had entered.

"You forget," he urged, "that where-
as these views have been hitherto con-
fined to scholars, they are now out
among the people, and cannot be safely
ignored. Further, I understand that
the present criticism is of all others the
most destructive, involving the inspira-
tion, the redemptive scheme—in short,
everything that makes the older Scrip-
tures God's Word to us. The Old Testam-
ent was shaky enough in men's minds
before these new views sprung up, and
they are being widely accepted. I think
that if we stick closely to the question,
and avoid all side issues, we can at least
learn what conclusions scholars have
arrived at."

After a brief colloquy, Prof. Herbert
was called upon to open the subject. "I
wish again to say," he began, "that I
undertake to do so to state the views
of the Higher Criticism relative to
the authorship and composition of the
Pentateuch in plain, categorical, untech-
nical English. I shall enter into no
analysis—simply give you results.
Nor do I wish to be held responsible for
these views."

All assenting quietly to this plan, he
proceeded:—
"First, the Higher Criticism asserts
that the Israelites at the time of the
Exodus were unacquainted with writ-
ing; therefore Moses could not have
written the Pentateuch."

"I challenge that," said Mr. Moore
promptly. "The Israelites were in
Egypt for four hundred years before the
Exodus, and Moses, at least, was
learned in all their wisdom." For cen-
turies before Moses' birth the Egyptians
had a rich, written literature. If the
people did not learn to write, un-foun-
dably their leader did."

"And when the Israelites entered
Canaan, they found, according to Josha-
ua, a city, or town, so celebrated for its
library that it derived from it its name
—Kirjath-Sajer, 'city of books,'—
said Dr. Kirk. "It is hardly suppos-
able that the Hebrews were less in-
telligent than the Canaanites whom they
dispossessed."

"I confess that that first view seemed
to me at a glance a weak one," said
Prof. Herbert. "I will give you a second,
and a little more difficult, one to
handle. The critics assert that the
Pentateuch—or rather the Hexateuch,
for they include Joshua—is not a unit;
at least, that though now a unit, it was
not so originally. They claim that it is
constructed out of at least four docu-
ments, marked by perceptible differ-
ences of style, and written at periods
widely apart—none of them earlier
than the ninth century before Christ.
That would be about seven hundred
years after Moses' date. Wellhausen,
after a minute, painstaking study,
claims to have discovered evidences of
at least twenty different authors, or ed-
itors, before the work was melted into
its present shape. That was done, prob-
ably, by Ezra, B. C. 444, and he, there-
fore, is the true author of the Penta-
teuch."

"In other words," said Grace Norton,
who had been reading James Freeman
Clarke's "Ten Religions," "the critics
give us, instead of a Moses, a Mosaic."

"Just so," said Professor Herbert
smiling.

"But which of these documents did
Moses write?" inquired Deacon Norton.

"Neither of them."

"What, didn't he write the Ten Com-
mandments?"

"I understand not; at least Well-
hausen can see no reason for maintaining
that he wrote them. He regards the
scene at Sinai as the product of a mere-
ly 'poetic necessity,' a sort of formal
representation, 'in a single thrilling
moment, of what in reality occurred
slowly and almost unobserved.' At
least, that is nearly his language in the
Britannica. The truth is, the critics
maintain that there was no real Moses
—that is, no Bible Moses. A Moses, in
their view, have been an anachro-
nism, a miracle of history. They can-
not believe such a person really existed
at that stage. According to them, Is-
rael began, like other nations, in barba-
rism, and very slowly purified itself from

idolatry and reached civilization. It re-
quired centuries to bring them to a con-
dition where they could write at all, and
centuries more before such a being as
Moses and such laws as are ascribed to
him could have been promulgated. Mo-
ses belonged to the end rather than to
the beginning of their history, and re-
ally appears as Ezra."

"What downright nonsense!" ejacu-
lated Deacon Norton.

"But when were these laws origina-
ted?" inquired Mr. Towle.

"The critics discover three distinct
Pentateuchal codes—the Covenant
Code, containing the Ten Command-
ments and Exodus 21-23; the Deuterono-
mic Code (Deut. 12-26); and the Leviti-
cal, or Priests' Code, scattered
through parts of Exodus, Leviticus and
Numbers. This last code was formerly
thought to be the basis of the Mosaic
legislation. It is now believed not to
have been written at all until after the
Exile. Prof. Reuss, in 1833, is said to
have had an intuition, in his Biblical
studies, that the Priests' Code was sub-
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Miscellaneous.

EVANGELISM IN FRANCE.

[Translated by REV. W. F. MALLARD, D. D.]

In the *Evangelist*, for Jan. 26, the editor, Rev. M. Lelievre, gives a very interesting account of a public discussion which took place recently in Paris, and in a part of the city which is notorious as the centre of communistic and atheistic populations. He says:—

"I recently was present at a public discussion on Sunday, which came off at Levis Hall between certain freethinking atheists and several of our pastors, and it is my purpose to indicate the impressions it has left upon my mind. This public gathering had been called together by the society of the freethinkers of the Batignolles (the section of Paris above mentioned) who wished to add interest to the monotonous programme of their meetings, and to excite the curiosity of the public in opening a sort of theological tournament. The result was, a full hall, the audience numbering between two and three thousand. Besides the socialistic working-men constituting a large part of the audience, there were quite a number who had come through curiosity.

"The freethinkers had sent out invitations to leading Catholics, who had not responded to the call, or, at least, were represented only by a very poor speaker, who succeeded in raising a tempest against himself, and was compelled by the intolerant assembly to cease speaking. The Protestants were better represented; Revs. Puaux, de Pressensé, Holland and Theodore Monod were upon the platform. Many other pastors were in the assembly. We congratulate our brother pastors that they did not hesitate to accept the invitation. They knew in advance that they would find themselves in the midst of a company hostile to every religious thought. They knew that they would have to deal with inferior opponents whose lungs are much stronger than their arguments. They have done well, however, in not refusing to take part in a public discussion, which gave them the opportunity of proclaiming the Gospel to a company who had no knowledge of it.

"The freethinking speakers very naturally took the lion's share of the discussion. The citizens Amorin, Fournier, Canivet, Guesde, Deynaud, and other regular speakers of the socialistic gatherings, successively took the platform, and stood forth as the champions of atheism and materialism, which they did not separate from the socialistic demands of the working classes. One spoke of Christianity and Jesus Christ, making them jointly responsible for all the crimes committed by the Roman Church. Another, in order to crush Protestantism, recounted in a very miserable style the history of Michael Servetus. A third declared that Protestants are as intolerant as Catholics, and pretended that these last are persecuted in the Canton de Vaud. Another solicited liberal Protestantism for having rejected the supernatural element of Christianity, but added, this is only a sort of deism which we no longer fear.

"All this talk did not rise above the level of the common objections of unbelief. These enemies of good citizenship did little more than to offer us a relapse of stale Voltairism. Two speakers, it is true, attempted to place themselves upon a more solid basis, and gave their word of honor to the audience that science has definitely eliminated God from the world, and the spiritual element from human beings. It is not necessary for us to present upon this subject the furious utterances of a mulatto named Fournier, who seemed to us much stronger in the science of gesticulation than any other.

"Messrs. de Pressensé and Holland, avoiding the details of the debate, placed before the audience, in a very clear manner, the question of the living God to which these speakers habitually offer the most unfounded negations. The author of the learned book '*Les Origines*,' found no difficulty in doing justice to the scientific pretensions of Fournier and his abettors, and he cited them to the opinions of really learned men, who, without being Christians, recognize the fact that the science of nature does not explain the problem of life, and that the soul does not come with in its domain. He eloquently declared that conscience, which proclaims the moral law, attests the existence of the living God.

"We cannot give a full account of the addresses of Messrs. Puaux, de Pressensé and Holland; but we may say, in brief, that they have achieved grand success in a gathering which seemed absolutely antagonistic to every religious affirmation. They

succeeded in making themselves heard, even to the end, and obtained the applause of a large number of those present.

"It appears to us impossible that language so calm, so sensible, so forcible as that of our friends, should not leave some beneficial influences. Is it not something, is it not very much, once, at least, to have proved to these people who never hear the Gospel, that Christians do not fear discussion, and that they have a response to make to the attacks of infidelity? We are not surprised to learn that the results of the meeting were not altogether satisfactory to its originators, for they propose at some other time to arrange for another.

"The same journal says that at the conclusion of this public discussion two hundred New Testaments and a great number of a most powerful discourse on atheism by Rev. Mr. Hocart were distributed. It will be seen by all this that there are living Protestant Frenchmen who do not fear to stand by the truth of the Gospel and who are prepared to defend it. There has never been, as now, such days of hope for France since the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew three hundred years ago and more. It is not impossible that France should become a Protestant country within the next twenty-five years. May God speed the day!"

AN OPEN LETTER TO NEW ENGLAND FRIENDS.

Writing for ZION'S HERALD always seems to me like sending a letter home. Away from the scenes and friends of boyhood and school-days, in a land of strangers, more foreign as regards social privileges than India or China, the weekly visits of the old HERALD, even in its new head-dress, are like calls from old friends. It has always seemed to me that we ought to look to New England for the heartiest sympathy and the largest pecuniary aid in this great work. There were set in motion the influences that resulted so much sooner than any expected in the emancipation of the slaves. From thence came Gilbert Haven, and scores more of the most faithful workers in this harvest-field. The best and most powerful influences at work for the moral and temporal elevation of the South are New England born.

As a partial return for all this, every material advance in the South adds, Eastern wealth. Nevertheless, contributions to the cause have been, for some reason, very small. A large percentage of the churches take no collection at all for it. Perhaps the fault is with the preachers. This supposition gains plausibility from the fact that wherever a pastor has become interested and the cause earnestly presented by him, a large increase has been the result. The usual reply of Dr. Rust to appeals from his teachers for money is, "Treasury empty and society in debt." Brethren, is it too much to ask you that you should at least make an effort to do something for us this year?

The chief points in the great work before us are, the training of girls to make good homes; the fitting of young men and women for usefulness as leaders, who at the same time shall be skilled in some trade by which they can earn a good living; and the preparation of intelligent, pious ministers to lead the people to a higher plane of morality and religious experience.

Let us look for a moment at the necessity for each of these three lines of effort.

Home life in its purity is a new idea with the majority since emancipation. A cabin of two small rooms, full of children, untidy, and in every way unattractive, is a poor beginning for a home. Add to this ignorant parents, with no care for the moral training of the children, and you have a true idea of the majority of the homes among the freedmen. Among the poorer whites it is no better. One who has not seen for himself will be likely to consider this picture an exaggeration. The fact is, the strongest terms would utterly fail to describe the degradation among the ignorant masses. The many exceptions give us courage to work on. In order to remedy this evil as far as we are able, a cottage of seven rooms is being built at Clark University, where the girls will have practical lessons in all the arts of housekeeping. It will be ready by the first of April.

By our regular school drill, our religious meetings, our schools of carpentry and iron-work, and our farm, we are trying to reach the second point—to train students who shall be earnest Christian workers in whatever community they may settle. The leaders for the future must not be in the political arena, but in the paths that lead to virtue and industry.

In our new Theological School, with its magnificent building now going up, and its endowed professorship, we purpose to prepare preachers just enough above the people to lift them up to their level, and with powers of growth vigorous enough to keep themselves always in the lead. Hebrew and Greek and systematic theology will not be considered so essential a part of the curriculum for the present, as the study of God's Word and the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

In short, the education needed by this generation is that which will most perfectly fit them for usefulness in the society in which they will be called to work. College education for years to come will be necessary, yes, advisable, for only a very few, who will find their places in the professors' chairs of our

schools. For others, it will be a waste of time and injurious to themselves and their people.

Our Southern work has been very prominent before the whole church recently by the thorough ventilation of the subject of "caste." It has been a valuable discussion, in that it has shown the spirit in which our white work has been carried on. The prominent men who have written in defense of the policy of the church, have given the subject an appearance of respectability that it does not deserve. All have made a mistake in assuming that any of us desire to force mixed churches and schools. We are sensible enough to know that it cannot be done. My own position is simply this, and has been the same from the beginning of my work in the South. At the surrender, the colored people had no schools or churches, and none able to furnish them. It was evidently the duty of the church to provide them. The whites had these privileges already, but if they preferred to attend schools and churches built first for colored people, the doors were open, and are open to-day.

But it was soon found that a great many white people who had been true to the Union during the war, were ready to join our church. Money was sent down to employ preachers and to build churches. The action of the Cape May Commission, the natural progress of time in breaking down the distinction between Union people and rebels, and the almost inevitable turning of Northern Methodists coming South to the Southern church, these and other causes have gradually weakened our white work till there is very little left in the Atlantic coast and Gulf States, from Virginia to Texas, and the withdrawal of missionary appropriations would destroy the last vestige of it. When Dr. Fuller, in his reply to a HERALD editorial, compares our white work with New England, to the seeming disadvantage of the latter, he speaks of the border States and Tennessee, where our strength lies in the preponderance of the Union element. A church relying for its strength on sectional feeling must have a short lease of life, unless it fortifies itself with strong educational outworks. It is too late to do this east of the Alleghenies; we must concentrate our efforts west.

Now comes up the question of caste. It gives us no trouble except where the white work was so weak that it sought to prolong its life by separation from the colored work because it removed apart elements that did not harmonize. This separation helped the colored work. It was the native Southern preacher that could not endure to belong to a mixed Conference, and his constant chafing to unpleasant feelings that hindered the work. The truth of the matter is, that the white brother worked so hard for separation that the colored brother was goaded to say, "Well, you may go." This separation has been used as a handle by which our enemies have done us much mischief. "Don't you see, the white folks don't want you?" is constantly rung in the ears of our preachers and people; and ridicule is always powerful.

We have lost our Advocate and Book Room. These are serious losses, and look very much like retreat, but so long as our schools continue to prosper, the Methodist Episcopal Church will still bear a noble part in the evangelization of our African Americans, and through them of Africa itself. It is no time to call a halt when darkness still covers the land and the waters cover the sea. We have shed light on thousands, but the millions are still un-reached. May God baptize the church with a home missionary spirit, especially the women, who sympathize so deeply and work so nobly for their sisters in China and India! Here at home are thousands of women as degraded as in foreign lands, and none can reach them but their sisters in the church.

THE CHALLENGE OF SKEPTICISM—WHAT ANSWER.

BY REV. O. W. SCOTT.

We have apparently fallen upon evil days. Men are desiring to be saved rationally or intellectually. They would rather follow their "tastes," or be saved by the employment of the head ("some other way") than fall upon their knees. This leads to doubt, denial of the authority of the Word, the necessity of regeneration.

How shall we meet the skeptical tendency of to-day? What answer to the challenge of doubt? Let me suggest this: Answer every denial of the doubter by the conversion of a soul. Does he deny the fact or necessity of the "new birth"? Let the church be able to point to thousands of souls, "born from on high." While the infidels declared at Watkins Glen last year that the church was "dying out," Chaplain McCabe sends "greeting," we are "building two a day." Infidelity has no answer for such facts as the Methodist Church Extension Society gives on its cross-covered map of the United States.

What better answer for the sacramental host of God to give denial this important year, A. D. 1883, than by pointing to the "saved" by thousands? Shall not this be the response of believers to a hostile world?

Revivals are in progress all over the land. Some are of remarkable, unusual power and extent. In certain places, some of the "scenes" of the days of the "fathers" are being enacted. Men of quiet temperament are seen to fall under the power of the Spirit, experiencing an almost Pauline conversion. Thus God reinforces His people, answers the skepticism of to-day, and meets and renders less harmful the deliverances of departed evangelists (?) pulpits. "Fear not, only believe."

Pittston, Pa.

A SIN OF OMISSION.

Conference is at hand. The preaching of confession, repentance, and amendment is in order.

For years a stereotyped paragraph in the Discipline, on the support of the Freedmen's Aid Society, has said that "each Annual Conference shall appropriate, or cause to be appropriated, the amount assigned to it among the circuits and stations within its bounds; and each presiding elder, as early in the Conference year as possible, shall inform each quarterly conference in his district of the amount to be raised by the charge it represents."

For eight years, in one of the most prominent New England Conferences, this was not done; neither myself nor my quarterly conference ever knew the amount expected from us to carry forward this great work, nor ever made an attempt to reach it; nor did the Conference ever much exceed half its apportionment. Is it fitting from one to judge all?

Brethren, these things ought not so to be. Will not some worthy, noble-hearted man in each Conference make it his special business in his Conference to see that this matter is properly attended to, and that the amounts are as clearly lodged in the ear of pastors and quarterly conferences as is the amount of presiding elder's salary? Thus may there be fruits meet for repentance.

WILBUR F. STEELE.
Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 24.

Correspondence.

FROM CANADA.

MR. EDITOR: I gave you several particulars in my last respecting Methodist union. During the present month the quarterly meetings of the Methodist Church of Canada have been held in Quebec and Ontario and Manitoba. Those of the Maritime Provinces will be held in March. So far there has been a large preponderance of votes cast in favor of union. The majority far exceeds the expectations of the most sanguine friends of union. We do not entertain any doubt as to the issue so far as the Methodist Church is concerned.

The Primitive Methodists and the Bible Christians submitted the question of the basis to the popular vote; that is, they called the members of each society together, and each one cast their votes, yea or nay, as they deemed proper. On being counted, it was found that the majority of yeas was very large. The Methodist Episcopal Church General Conference has accepted the basis, and now the matter is to be decided by their quarterly boards. The issue so far as they are concerned will soon be known; we expect the majority will be in favor of union.

There can be no doubt but the majority of laymen in all the Methodist bodies are largely in favor of union, but your correspondent is very sorry that some, both ministers and laymen, in all the churches, but especially the former in our own Church, have written some harsh things and uttered sentiments respecting those who differed with them, of which I am sure, if they are not ashamed, they have good cause to be. Some in high positions have not been free from the scurrilous and abusive.

It is not for a moment doubted but that in effecting a union such as is contemplated, there must, of necessity, be some mutual concessions. The Methodist Church, being the largest body, can surely afford to concede most, but any person who will read the basis of union, would have some difficulty to prove that the said church really does concede most. One of the Conferences of the Methodist Church is by far the most desirable in a worldly point of view. It is in the richest and most fertile portion of Ontario, and it is not a little remarkable that the members of the said Conference—that is, some of them—have been the most severe in their denunciations against union, and the ground of their opposition has almost invariably been the financial question, smaller salaries, less appropriations to superannuates, giving up good positions to others, etc. These are some of the reasons assigned for opposing union. Can they be defended? Not, we think, on honorable grounds.

The friends of union will be exceedingly sorry if any now connected with some of the churches should refuse to go into the union; but, though we are afraid, we will still hope for the best; and should any, after all, remain out of the united church, it will be their own fault, and their own loss will certainly be greatest. One thing is sure, the cry for union has taken such a hold of the community, that none can oppose it without incurring great risk, and the denomination that determinately resists such a movement will do itself an amount of injury which years of labor will not efface. We cannot see how opposition to union can be justified in the eyes of those who are without. The secular papers have abounded with articles on the subject, all more or less rejoicing in the prospect of the unification of Methodism; for those who are not Methodists can never reconcile the differences that obtain among us, seeing that we have always claimed to be united on all the most essential matters which constitute a Christian church. Hence, those who dare now to oppose union, will be sure to incur an amount of responsibility which will not be easy to bear.

Some time ago, a kind, large-hearted Methodist layman printed, at his own expense, the "Life of Rev. Dr. Duff," the distinguished missionary in California, and presented a copy to every Methodist minister in Canada. We only suspect who the gentleman is, and cannot, therefore, insert his name in this letter. The work is a treasure, printed at our own Book Room, which has now become a publishing house of large dimensions, and is gotten up in a superior style—two large octavo volumes.

Scarcely, however, had we recovered from the effects of the delightful sensation produced by such a boon, when we are informed that a gentleman—unknown, of course, though some of us believe he is the same—makes the announcement through Dr. Withrow that he will give a prize of one hundred guineas for the best essay on missions, said essay to be about eight hundred pages, small 8vo. MSS., to be sent in by next July to Dr. Withrow. The latter and other distinguished ministers of the various denominations are to act as adjudicators, and declare the award by next October. I believe that several pens are now very busy; but, of course all cannot win, hence those who are rejected will feel a little mortification. But the labor expended will be beneficial, while it is hoped that the essay, if published, will be the means of greatly increasing the missionary zeal of all our churches.

At present I am glad to say that meetings for the promotion of revivals are being held in several places, but I am afraid that when the various Conferences are held, it will be found that the accessions have not been very numerous. The truth is, the spirit of agitation on the union question has been so prominent, that nothing else has been talked of in many places. We will all be glad when the matter is set at rest.

Feb. 21, 1883. ONTARIO.

FROM MEXICO.

MR. EDITOR: The sixth annual meeting of the Mexico Mission closed Monday evening. It seems to be the general impression that it was a most delightful and profitable time. Encouraging reports were brought in from every quarter. In Queretaro, where our people were once driven out by the infuriated mob, the preaching of the Gospel has begun to bear its fruits, and a small congregation has been gathered. Leon is our next point. Here our missionary has labored less than a year, and still he reports from fifty to sixty in attendance during the latter part of the year. Our success in Salamanca is, perhaps, more wonderful still. It is a small town compared with Leon and Queretaro, and yet a few months of labor, under God's blessing, has resulted in a congregation of from sixty to seventy.

Other incidents might be given to show the progress of the work. Suffice it to say here that such results can be repeated just in proportion as the home church sends out the laborers. The harvest is great, but the laborers are few.

One of the most delightful occasions of our late meeting was when we had the pleasure of receiving fraternal salutations from our brethren of other churches. Saturday was the day appointed, and 11 A. M. the hour. To represent the Southern Church there were five ministers; the Presbyterians were represented by three; the Episcopalians one; and the American Bible Society by its efficient agent in this country. Several of them addressed our meeting with wise and warm words of fraternity. The declaration of the Episcopal rector, that there was "nothing in the laws of his church to prevent his presence before our Conference," brought out hearty responses. His remarks seemed especially forcible to us, as we knew something of the keen persecution which Bishop Riley had been pouring out against him because of his broad Christian views. All honor to the man that stands so bravely by the convictions of his conscience! The Bishop has at last succeeded in driving him out of his diocese, but he cannot drive him out of "the kingdom of God."

During the past year special attention has been given to the organization of the church. Our Discipline is now printed and being placed in the hands, not only of our workers, but also of our members. One good result is seen in the encouraging increase reported in our collections. One circuit alone, for self-support proper, educational purposes, improvements, etc., raised over seventeen hundred dollars in Mexican silver, about fifteen hundred gold.

Our foreign missionaries remain another year in the same places as last year, save Bro. Craver, who moves his residence to another point in the same circuit. His address now is Silao, State of Guanajuato, which is a more central point of his labors, and better, also, for his health, which we are grateful to say, continues to improve.

Several of our native helpers were changed, some of them moving over four hundred miles. While we write, all native and foreign are at their appointments for another year's labor. Let them be remembered in the prayers of their New England brethren and sisters.

JNO. W. BUTLER.
Mexico City, Jan. 29.

MERIDIAN ST. CHURCH AND BETHEL.

MR. EDITOR: It seems to me that a few words in reference to the work of God in Meridian Street, East Boston, would be of general interest. The church is united as never before, and is exerting a powerful influence on the community. All the regular services, Sundays and week days, are largely attended, many of them crowded with deeply-interested worshippers.

Extra services have been held every day since Jan. 1, and still continue. Penitents of all ages crowd our altars, and nearly two hundred have been converted in the last two months, not counting large numbers who have risen for prayers at every service. The converts include sons and daughters of the church, heads of families, members of other churches and congregations, strangers and foreigners, and citizens outside all church lines, including Catholics. The good work still goes on, and the interest is spreading in every direction. Our beloved pastor, Rev. L. B. Bates, is working with his accustomed zeal and devotion, and is nobly sustained by the church.

The special work of the church in-

cludes its labors among the seamen; its mission work among the neglected and churchless poor; the maintenance of an open house of worship every day in the year, and its free reading-room and library for seamen and others. The Bethel feature has been a continued success. Seamen are easily influenced. Convince them that you are their friends, and you win them. Our young men visit the shipping, talk and pray with the crews, distribute religious books and papers, and invite them to church. They come and worship with us, and are present at almost every altar service. Many have bowed with us in prayer and found the Saviour, and while yet rejoicing in the new-found peace, have left port and in a few days have gone down to the sailor's common grave.

The mission work of the church extends all over the island. East Boston has 35,000 inhabitants, and church accommodations for only 13,000, leaving 22,000 outside church lines for whose souls or bodies few have cared. We are reaching many of them. Our Christian workers visit and pray with them, and when sorrow comes to those homes, our pastor is invariably called to comfort the mourners, to pray with the dying, and to bury the dead. He always responds to those calls, and his faithfulness during a pastorate of five years has given him the confidence of all the people. Our church is always packed on Sunday evenings, and hundreds often go away unable to find standing room, and yet we advertise no novelties, but simply tell the old, old story, which, thank heaven, still remains its old-time power!

The Sunday-school is prospering finely. The average attendance the past five months has been 417—about 65 per cent. of its membership. We have fifty-two classes, which occupy the whole house—pastor's room, vestry, church and galleries. All the teachers are members of the church, and there have been sixty conversions in the school the past two months.

Verily, God is with us, and this historic church is to-day one of the strongest centres of our loved Methodism in the New England Conference.

GEO. WRIGHT.

Our Book Table.

James R. Osgood & Co. publish, in two handsome octavo volumes, THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND RALPH WALDO EMERSON. These letters were interchanged between the years 1834 and 1872. One cannot help being struck with the likeness of the two heads to each other (Carlyle's in the first volume and Emerson's in the second), albeit the faces are as unlike as the men. A very considerable part of the letters is devoted to the history of the literary enterprises of the two men themselves, and the fortunes of their successive books. The readers of Carlyle's inimitable "Froude's 'Forty Years' Recollections' will be eager to peruse any other collection of his rare epistolary productions. The characteristics of the very diverse, but not dissimilar, characters of the two men are constantly in their friendly letters. No biography of Carlyle (and this is equally true of Emerson) can present so true a picture of the real men as these unpretentious letters. They are in nothing so satisfactory nor bound by the necessities of social courtesy; but are the frank, off-hand, honest and incisive utterances of men who thought for themselves and abhorred hypocrisy. The volumes will find a warm welcome among the multitudes of readers of the present era.

THE BLIND MAN'S CREED, AND OTHER CREEDS, by Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D. New York: Andon D. F. Randolph & Co., 12mo, 246 pp. For sale in Boston by W. B. Clarke, Caruth & Co. This volume contains sixteen discourses by the popular pastor of the Madison Square Church, New York. These sermons are eminently practical, on topics suggested by the discourses of the hour, or the common spiritual needs of humanity. They are thoughtful, orthodox, pure in style, and eloquent. With the members of the congregations where Dr. Parkhurst has ministered, and with the general readers of religious treatises, this volume will find an appreciative welcome.

From Roberts Brothers we have received the volume which embodies the delightful letters of the late Josiah Quincy, a portion of which appeared in the columns of the *Independent*. The work is entitled, *LETTERS OF THE PAST, FROM THE LEAVES OF OLD JOURNALS*. We have read nothing of late that has so much of the real flavor of the times described. School and college days sixty years ago, the best social life of Boston, New York and Washington at that period, the noted men of the day and foreign writers, are all described in the most charming style. We are not surprised that the first edition was taken up immediately upon its issuing from the press. The publishers present it in a particularly neat form.

The same house issues OUR LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN THEOLOGY, by Joseph Henry Allen. Mr. Allen is the lecturer upon "Ecclesiastical History in Harvard College," and this volume embodies a series of lectures in which the author presents the history of the Unitarian branch in the Orthodoxy of New England and its progress since. The different schools of Liberalism, Parkerism, Evolutionism, and the present tendency of Liberalism—are clearly and frankly presented from the standpoint of one sympathizing in general with the trend of these opinions. The volume is written with great vigor and vivacity, and becomes valuable as a somewhat authentic expression of the best form of the Liberal sentiment and belief of the hour.

Those active publishers of religious and standard books at moderate prices, Messrs. Funk & Wagnall, New York, have issued a special American edition of Dr. Heinrich August Wilhelm Meyer's well-known Commentary upon the ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. The present work is in one fine octavo volume, and is published separately from the set of expositions upon the New Testament of Meyer. It is edited by Rev. William Ormiston, D. D., LL. D., and is prefaced with a short sketch of the life and career of Meyer, who died, after a short and severe illness, June 21, 1875. Dr. Ormiston has made large additions in notes, without making alterations in the text of the author, so that matter amounting to one-fourth of the volume, in quantity, has been added. Meyer's exegesis of the New Testament stands unchallenged, as a whole, and peerless. The additions of the American editor render the work better adapted to the wants of the Sunday-school teachers, who are now studying this very interesting inspired volume of ecclesiastical history. The book makes a stout octavo of 544 pages, and is sold for \$2.50.

A. D. F. Randolph & Co. issue a pretty little volume from the pen of the late Frances Ridley Havergal. It is entitled, BEN BRIGHTHOODS; and Other True Stories, Hymns and Music. 16mo, 75 pages, small 8vo. It is a story of a devoted, to her nephews and nieces, and is a delightful tale. The other stories are happily given, and are full of the tenderest religious lessons for young readers. For sale in Boston by J. H. Earle, 175 Washington Street.

The attractive story of Julian Hawthorne, which has been passing through the pages of *Our Continent*, entitled *Dust*, has been published in an elegant form by Ford, Howard & Hulbert. It is a portrait of the author and other illustrations. The volume is a novel of English society of the early portion of the present century, and is written in a vigorous and picturesque style, well sustaining the growing reputation of its author.

Charles Scribner's Sons publish, as *Home*, a new story by Mary Allen. 16mo, \$1.00. It is a story of a woman's voluntary, happy, hearty surrender of herself to a loyal and generous man, thus gaining, for herself, a noble victory and a better life. The story is wholesome and well-told.

The last book Funk & Wagnall have issued, in their standard series, is *AMERICAN HUMORISTS*, by H. R. Haver, giving well-written sketches of Irving, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, etc. Price 15 cents, in paper covers.

John B. Alden, 18 Vesey Street, New York, has just issued a miniature edition, at a cheap price, of the *Life of Washington Irving*. We have received THE ALBANY, neatly published, gilt edged, 50 cents.

UNIVERSALISM AGAINST ITSELF: Scriptural Analysis of the Doctrine, by A. W. Hall, D. D. New York: Hall & Co., 12mo, \$1.00. This is a revised edition of a work which has had an immense sale. The volume contains an elaborate examination of every Biblical text which has been used, directly or indirectly, as touching the final salvation of all men. It embodies discussions between the author and the defenders of Universalism. The writer gives in addition his treatise upon the immortality of the soul, and editorial articles upon the question, "Does death end all?" The volume is printed in small type, and is an exhaustive consideration of the subject it discusses. The ground taken is that of the Unitarian, and by the new positions taken by those advocating the theory of no punishment, or a limited retribution, in the other world, but the author's painstaking examination of Scripture will always be suggestive and useful.

PHOEBE SKIDDEY'S THEOLOGY, by May Kingston. Boston: Howard Gannett, \$1.75. This is a pious story of hearty and ingenious, and, also, successful Christian work. The theology of Phoebe is the result of her own religious experience. She was a plain, uneducated servant, but loved her Saviour, and it was taken knowledge of her by all who knew her that she walked with Him.

NEW MUSIC. Received from S. W. Straub, publisher, 69 Dearborn Street, Chicago: "For Mother's Sake I will Refrain," a new temperance song and chorus, words by Maria Straub, music by S. W. Straub; "Temperance Victory March," by D. S. Arnold. Each 30 cents.

The Magazines.

The frontispiece to the *Century* for March is a portrait of Leon Gambetta, whose recent death in France gave rise to much editorial and editorial articles in political circles as to danger for the time the very existence of the Republic. A las for the foundations of civil government when the death of a man of such a moral character as was his cause, well to trouble! A fifteen-page paper gives a very succinct and intelligible account of his political career. Mr. Geo. W. Cable furnishes a valuable historical article, beautifully illustrated, on "The End of Foreign Dominion in Louisiana." "A Good Fight Finished," is the tribute of a noble son to a noble sire—a brief sketch of the life-work of Leonard Bacon, D. D., by L. B. Bacon, with a portrait of the noble man. We refer to leave behind him the record of such a devoted, staunch, noble Christian life than that of the turmoil and strife of such a political career as Gambetta's! Let young men read and ponder well these two biographical notices in this March *Century*, and see how different the life and the end of the man of the world and the man of God. Helen Hunt gives us a vivid and interesting account of the famed "Village of Oberammergau," the locale of the "Passion Play," of more than ordinary value just now in view of the strenuous efforts put forth in New York to put the Passion Play upon the stage in defiance of the wishes of the people and the will of the authorities. A Passion Play at Oberammergau is quite a different thing from a Passion Play in New York. John Burroughs gives one of his delightful out-door papers in "Signs and Seasons," with some exquisite illustrations. "A New Knock at an Old Door," would hardly be thought to present an admirable summary of the progress made in the education of the sexes, and the latest step taken in knocking for admission to women to the privileges of Columbia College. Let Harvard look to her, and she will all the more look to the onward march of progress. It is no time now for the half-and-half offer of an "Annex"—give the girls equal rights, or deny them all; compromises are always failures. In a brilliantly illustrated paper on "The Architectural League of New York," Mr. Riordan tells us what the new schools of architects are doing for American architecture, and how they instruct and criticize each other in their club-room. Edward Eggleston instructs us in the "Migrations of American Colonists" in an illustration of his valuable historical sketches, and how they are reproduced of quaint old prints. Mr. Howells' new story, "A Woman's Reason," develops new strength and power, and promises to be in no respect inferior to a previous work. An unfinished poem by Bryant, "A Post to his Wife," will be read with interest. As a whole, this must be pronounced one of the finest numbers of the *Century*.

The lessons for taken from the Acts, and for The cover a page from the Ascension to the death of

The Family.

FEBRUARY, WITHIN AND WITH-
OUT.

BY META E. W. THORNE.

I look without. Is the world new-born
That lies so peacefully pure and white
In its robe of snow, this winter morn,
Nestle the glad sun's glory of golden light?
No spot or blemish mine eyes behold,
But pure as the robes the angels wear
Seems the mantle about her which earth doth
fold,
Like shrouded penitent bowed in prayer.

I look within. Under filmy lace
And soft warm cover, from cradle low
Peeps forth an innocent baby face,
And from baby eyes a soul of snow.
The brow is peaceful, the gaze serene,
The smile like luminous Hesper's ray,
And I know a spirit dwells within
That communes with angels as pure as
they.

Soon, soon your mantle of spotless white
Will have lost its beauty; the earth no
more
Seem virgin fair and pure as light,
But stained and sullied as of old before.
And thou, O child, with thine azure eyes,
And the soul of whiteness like lily bells,
So late from the hills of Paradise,
My heart at the thought of thy future
swells.

When the hours of thy sheltered infancy
Have borne thee on to ripen age,
Must sin's foul breath on thy purity
Be wafted over with evil lines?
Forbid it, Jesus, the children's Friend!
Sure naught Thy wisdom but love designs;
O let Thy blessing her steps attend!

Let Thy spirit of tenderest ministry,
Who beareth the lily sceptre fair,
From its petals shake dust of purity,
Of heavenly grace, o'er my blossom there.
And all through life's short and changeful
Close, close by her side may that Presence
be,
To shield from the foes who throng life's way,
To lead to the golden eternity!

INDIA.

BY BISHOP R. S. FOSTER.

About two o'clock on Sabbath, the 19th, land was clearly discerned far away to starboard. It was our first view of the coast of India. It was plainly perceptible that the vision started different thoughts and emotions in the hearts of the eager gazers. While some faces were lighted up with a special joy at the prospect of meeting expecting friends, there were others who looked at the land through tears with solemn and serious expression of face, as the thoughts of years of exile and missionary labor crowded on them. The sky was clear; not a cloud flecked the horizon to give gorgefulness to the descending sun, as we steamed up the beautiful harbor and dropped anchor opposite Prince's Dock. We had determined to remain on board the steamer till morning, but some friends who had been expecting us hourly for three or four days, and who had arranged work for us for both morning and evening of the just closing Sabbath, were at the foot of the bridge almost as soon as the anchor was at the bottom of the sea. Of course we could do nothing else but accept their hospitality, and before six o'clock we were landed safely on the great masonry built by English money, called the Apollo Bunder. England may well boast of the vast capital she has invested in commerce. It is amazing to see the enduring works she has reared in not only her own colonies and dependencies, but in all lands as well. The harbor of Bombay is both beautiful and capacious, and to reach our anchorage we sailed by several great warships and more than a score of merchant steamers, besides many scores of other vessels of commerce, bearing the signals of the principal commercial nations; but not one floating the stars and stripes of our own native land. We had the same experience at Constantinople, Smyrna and Alexandria. It may not be specially surprising or regrettable, but we confess to a feeling of somewhat humbled pride in each case. No one can travel extensively without becoming aware of the power of England; and I will add, without occasional proofs that Englishmen are not always gentlemen enough to keep them from offensively flaunting it. At present, flushed with their recent Egyptian victory, their arrogance is extremely pronounced. We happened in France just after the close of the Franco-German war. The pride of the German soldiers was almost unendurable. I fancied as I passed through the empire this time, I could detect a sort of savage jealousy at the praise English prowess was just then receiving, and I am quite certain that the English soldiers feel themselves several inches taller than they have for at least a generation. But I love England, and despite her many faults, I cannot refrain from joying in her joy, and even partaking somewhat of her pride. She does many naughty things, but I much doubt whether there is a nation on earth that would be less faulty if occupying her place. May it be many generations before her glory wanes!

One is as conscious of her power in Egypt as in London; at present it is even more absolute; and one in Bombay almost feels that he is in the capital of the empire, so omnipresent are the signs of her rule. Among our fellow-passengers were a company of five missionaries of the Presbyterian General Assembly, going to Lahore and other points in North India, one to preach and the others (ladies) to engage in educational work, and one Church of England priest going to the same region to resume labors in a field from which he was retired a few years ago on account of ill health. They seemed to me to be earnest, spiritual, and thoughtful persons, and my prayer follows them to the fields of their toil. Since parting with them and seeing the field more fully, its wants, its opportu-

nities, its seductions to ease and indolence, its awful darkness and deadness, its vast human woe and wretchedness, more and more I follow them with my poor prayers and sympathies, not so much for them, as that they may be a blessing to the poor creatures to whom they go. They will be well enough off. I have seen no missionaries since coming to India that need sympathy on their own account. I am glad to say, that as a rule they are as well off as they would be at home. There may be exceptions, but if there, I have not seen them. Just as it ought to be, they have pleasant homes and many comforts; they are not without friends; they have the greatest opportunity for noble work of any class of people in the world. The prayer I have to offer for them is that they may be equal to their work, that to them may come the blessedness of success in ministering to the needs of these forlorn children of a false faith and degrading superstition. Never did angels go on a nobler errand; never had they such riches to dispense. Christians at home, pray for your missionaries that they may be equal to the noble work which, in the providence of God, is assigned them; and as you pray, try to realize the work itself. Think of your homes of refinement, of your churches, of your joyous faith, of what makes your land a joy to live in, and then think of a more beautiful land if possible, with five times as many human hearts, all hungry and dark and sorrowful, and not knowing where to turn for light or hope, drifting on in sorrow through an aimless life to a hopeless death and joyless eternity—two hundred and fifty millions of them ever repeating the same experience. I shall never again be able to forget these pagan faces—the boys and girls and little children—their joyous countenances. I shall see them till the day of my death going over their meaningless mummies, with a faith that has in it a rebuke, but is without comfort or help. Father in heaven, pity them, and bless these missionaries that go to them with the lamp of life!

What is India? Naturally, on coming to supervise our missionary work, my first thought was to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the field. Experience has taught me that this is absolutely impossible except on the ground. No amount of reading gives an adequate idea of peoples or countries. The most minute descriptions, even when completely mastered, fail utterly. There are impressions which come only through the eye and by actual contact, which the most vivid and accurate word-picture cannot produce. Still it is a certain background of information thereby acquired, which, though inadequate and inaccurate, and even misleading often, nevertheless helps to a more ready understanding when we stand face to face with the reality. I was surprised to find, though I had been for weeks reading from the best books whatever I could find about India, how poor an idea I had gained. The reality differed wholly from my imagination. The same remark is true of every country through which I have passed. I find that in matters of this kind, "seeing is knowing," and without that, there is but little conformity between our imagination and the reality of things. But even seeing becomes knowing only when the attention is given to what is seen. I shall say nothing new, perhaps, and say even what I do, not so well as it has been said by others; still, I desire to place something before your readers in answer to the question, What is India? What is it in itself, and what is it as a mission field? It is so far away from our country, on the other side of the globe or nearly a half circumference of the globe from us, and we have so little commercial relations with it, or relations of any kind, and by consequence it is so rarely visited by our countrymen and so little a subject of conversation, that naturally enough we have but an indefinite idea of it. We know England. We think of India as a kind of colonial dependency of that marvelous little island, and dependencies are never accounted much. To be sure, we know that India is a vast something, somewhat as China is, but it is a vast something of indefinite possibilities merely, which we are not specially interested to inquire about; a land which needs missionary labor; a land of spices and tropical fruits, and brown-eyed and brown-skinned men and women, and of heathen temples and grotesque gods; a land where every prospect pleases and only man is vile; but to most of us it is a land wholly misconceived.

Its geographical position is well understood, as that vast peninsula into which Asia tapers at its southeastern point, washed on its three sides by the Arabian Sea, Indian Ocean, the Gulf of Monar, and Bay of Bengal for the space of three thousand miles, stretching from the Himalaya mountains on the north to Cape Comorin on the south. A straight line bisecting it from the Mustang coast to Trivandrum, would measure not far from two thousand miles, extending from 37 to 4 north latitude, and placing more than half the length and one-third of the area within the tropics, and all the rest within the lower temperate zone. A straight line bisecting it from east to west at its longest point would stretch from Kurrachee where it joins on to Beloochistan, to Dikka Boorn where it joins on to Burma, and is not less than nineteen hundred miles long. In its whole extent it covers not less than 1,500,000 square miles and nearly every zone of climate. It is characteristically level, comprising wide low-lands along its coasts of both river and sea, and high table-lands through the interior, but is crossed and recrossed by high, salubrious mountain-ranges, and in the Himalayas homes exceedingly grand, with peaks among the loftiest on the globe. The large part of it is arable and fertile, growing the greatest variety of fruits, vegetables and grains, with sufficient quantities of timbers and woods. It abounds in the

cocoa and date palms, figs, pomegranates, guavas, mangos, bananas, plantains, oranges, limes and tropical fruits in general, with the fruits small and large common to temperate zones. Its flora is the most beautiful, varied and abundant. It is rich in fauna, both birds and beasts. It abounds in snakes whose bite is almost instantaneous death. In number of square miles and general description of soil and climate, it resembles the United States east of the Rocky mountains from the Canada line to the capes of Florida, except that its mountains are grander and its products more varied in the tropical fruits and animal life, and its climate warmer and dryer. Under proper cultivation it would probably exceed any equal surface on the globe in the variety and abundance of the products of the soil and in its capacity to support animal life.

ONLY A WORD.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

It was only a word dropped in a young person's ear. It was a word about Christ, about a new life in Him. It was so brief a message, so humble, just a whisper, a breath, that any gust could have interrupted and scattered. Only a word! It cost the speaker so small an effort, and yet how serious were the results. It was a word, and yet a seed. Packed within those narrow limits were great truths, truths so vast that they took in heaven as well as earth, truths so vital that the seed was sure to burst its husk and come up into life if it could only catch somewhere in appropriate soil.

And it caught; it lodged in a human heart. It was a whisper in the ear, but it went down into a human soul with all its receptivity. It was a young person that heard the whispered word, and the soil was not rock. It was peculiarly yielding.

Into this soil sank the seed. It began to germinate. It took hold of the soil with a strong root, and it lifted a shoot in the outside life. A new character in Christ began to develop.

This only-a-word work we are all equal to. May we do it in the spirit of wisdom and amid much prayer! Let prayer go before us, and prayer go with us, and prayer follow up the work. Some soul will thank us one day for "only a word."

JOY.

BY REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

I ask no boon whose joy
Cannot endure;
But bliss that cannot cloy,
Ethereal, pure.

The shapes of beauty here,
Their hues and glow,
Point to that fairer sphere
To which I go.

With new-felt wing, I try
Long-mused delight,
And wing toward my sky
Adventurous flight.

This flesh, this feverish clay,
Suits not the soul;
That sees in heaven its way
And shining goal.

Yet must I wait and dream,
And weep and toll,
And watch the high stars gleam
A little while.

Then this sad, silent shade,
At liberty,
Shall, with glad wing outspread,
Soar, singing, free.

WHO HAS SEEN CHRIST IN YOU TO-DAY?

"The parson asked a strange question this evening," said John Sewell to his wife, Ann, on his return from church one Sunday.

"What was it, John?"

"Who has seen Christ in you to-day?" I wish you had been there to hear him, Ann; he made it pretty plain that all who love Christ ought to show by their conduct that they are in earnest."

"That's true, John. I know I often fall short of what a Christian should be."

"I'm sure that you and the children have not seen Christ in me to-day. If I'd remember to be like my Master, I should not have been so cross with you, because you wanted to take your turn out this morning."

"And I shouldn't have snapped you up and been so vexed," interrupted Ann.

"Then I used Tom roughly because he worried me, and when he cried I boxed his ears, when a kind word would have made all right. There are plenty of things I should have done to-day, if I'd acted up to the parson's question."

"We'll try to begin afresh, John. You're quick and I get vexed. We've both a deal to learn. We must just pray that the children and our friends may see Christ in us."

Monday morning came. John was up early, and before he went off to work he asked that Christ might be seen in him that day. Ann did not forget that she too wished that Christ might be seen in her; and at breakfast the children were told how Christ might be seen in them, and they were cautioned to be kind and loving toward one another, and toward their companions.

Thus, throughout the family, tempers were quelled for Christ's sake, and pleasant acts were performed for Christ's sake; and John was able, in that same strength, to ask a fellow workman to forgive the sharp words he had spoken to him the previous Saturday.

"I've had the happiest day I ever spent," John remarked to his wife that evening. "I know I've long been a professor, but I have not shown by my behavior that I do really want Jesus to be seen in me."

"I'm sure it's been just the same with me," replied Ann.

"I know why some of our fellows in the shop did fault with religious people, and call them no better than those who have no religion at all. We Christians are not shining lights; we get

into the same tempers, and use the same sharp words, and do the same unbecoming things, and so we bring reproach on Jesus."

"That's well said, John. I mean to ask myself every night 'Who has seen Christ in me to-day?' I know that I shall often have to tell God that I've failed, but Jesus will help me to be true to Him, and you know there is a text which says, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me.'"

Dear reader, will you take this question home, "Who has seen Christ in me to-day?" — *Friendly Greetings.*

A LEGEND.

I read a legend of a monk who painted, in an old convent cell in days bygone, Pictures of martyrs and of virgins sainted, And sweet Christ face with the crown of thorns.

Poor darts! not fit to be a chapel's treasure—
Full many a taunting word upon them fell,
But the good abbot let him, for his pleasure,
Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused: "Could I but render
Honor to Christ as other painters do,
Were but my skill as great as is the tender
Love that inspires me when His cross I view!"

"But no—'tis vain I toil and strive in sorrow;
What man so scorns still less can he admire;
My life's work is all valueless—to-morrow
I'll cast my ill-wrought pictures on the fire."

He raised his eyes, within his cell—O wonder!
There stood a Visitor—thorn-crowned
Was He, and sweet voice the silence rent around—
"I scorn no work that's done for love of Me."

And round the walls the paintings shone
With lights and colors to this world unknown,
A perfect beauty, and a hue transcendent,
That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

There is a meaning in the strange old story;
Let none dare judge his brother's worth
Or meed;
The pure intent gives to the act its glory,
The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed.

—*Home Journal.*

The Little Folks.

CANINE SAGACITY.

BY REV. M. THAXTON, D. D.

Do my young readers ever ask themselves, "Does my favorite kitten, or pet dog, understand anything I say?" No doubt they will, after a time, know their name, will come and go at command, and do many tricks you may have taught them; but they have, also, a degree of understanding and reason. Last summer I gave, in the HERALD, an account of my old pet, a cat, who ate three of my chickens, and on being reproved for it, went to a neighbor's hen-yard and brought three others; dead, to be sure, but he regarded the account as squared and the books balanced.

Now I have a story of a dog quite as wonderful to relate to you. My son, with whom I am spending the winter, has a fine Irish setter of remarkable intelligence. Some eight weeks since, she had a litter of pups, nine in number. This was one more than she could suckle at once. She soon noticed that the law of "the survival of the fittest" was operating against the smaller and feeblest of them; the weak were growing weaker, and the strong were crowding them to the wall. She studied this problem a few days, and then proceeded to make a new arrangement in her household. She took four of the largest of her babies, one by one, and put them in a nest by themselves, some five or six feet distant; then she would nurse the five smaller ones first, and attend to the others afterward. Was not this reasoning?

Last week, as they had grown so large as to require feeding, her master took her home to Cambridge, leaving the pups in Boston, in the third story of the State Street building in the rear of the Custom House. She followed him readily across the city to the Fitchburg station, and into a car and home. Now remark, she had not been over this route but once, and that was six weeks ago. She seemed glad to see us all, ran about the house and yard until Tuesday afternoon, when she disappeared, but returned before dark, bedraggled with mud and water.

I said at once, "She has been looking after her children, no doubt."

"O no," said the family, "she cares nothing for them." But natural instinct is much stronger than these arbitrary attachments.

Wednesday morning came, and she was not taken into the city by her master. She now became very restless and uneasy, and often left the house, but returned again, until about three o'clock, when she disappeared. After her master returned about 4.30 p. m., we made a search for her, but in vain. "You will find her at the Custom House," said I.

"Oh no, how can she find her way there? She has been over the route but once, and that was nine weeks ago, and then I took her in over the Lowell road. No, some one has tied her up, waiting for an advertisement and a reward."

Learning the fact that she went in over the Lowell road, I walked down to the Elm Street station on that road, and asked the gate-tender if he had seen such an animal around the station.

"Yes, I saw her here yesterday a number of times."

Her master started for Boston to look for her, knowing that as it was Washington's birthday, the building would not be open, and she could not enter even if she had reached the place. The Cambridge station-master informed him that such an animal was in and about the station as late as six o'clock the night before.

On reaching the Custom House, he stood on the side-walk in the rear of the building, and watched the windows of the State Street block where his office is, to catch a view of the watchman as

he passed a window. Soon he saw and beckoned to him. The man raised the sash, and turning his head, called to some one in the room, when old "Mag," the lost dog, bounded to the window, put her paws on the sill, and the moment she caught sight of her master broke into most vociferous barking, saying, as plainly as she could, "I've found them! I've found them!" And such a demonstration of joyous triumph as she made when he went in! She attached no blame to her master for this separation, though his was the fault. Things were rather mixed in her mind. She knew only that she had lost her children, and that they were found.

Well, how did she reach the place? That's the question. Had she been brought home on the public road, she would very likely have gone back the same way. But she went in, at first, on one railroad and came out on another. So she first went to the station from which she went to Boston, waited some time, but found no train going in the direction she wished to go. Then she trotted off three quarters of a mile and slipped into the depot when some one opened the door; and as at this station the road is reached by descending the stairs, she followed the passengers down, and when a train came in going to Boston, she slipped in, and when the cars reached the city, and the passengers all left, she inferred that it was the end of the road, and left too.

But how was it that she did not take an outward-bound train instead of an inward? Simply because she knew the direction in which she wanted to travel. That she arrived in Boston early in the night, we know, because she was arrested by the vigilant police of the city before the stores were closed, and the arrest must have been made in the immediate vicinity of the Custom House, as the following note received the morning after she was found, fixes the locality:—

"Feb. 21, 1883. Mr. T., a policeman brought me a dog with your name on the collar. I will keep her for you. Call for her and pay charges. 236 State Street, Boston."

But he did not "keep" her. Poor old "Mag!" She had no notion of being arrested and put in "durance vile" while quietly walking the streets of Boston, and so she gave leg bail, and the watchman, who comes early to start the fires, found her lying on the door-steps.

THE DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW.

In the morn of the holy Sabbath,
I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered
Worshipping with me.
I am sure that the gentle parent,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cherishing his own dear ones,
The dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and though full,
Innocent, grave and sweet,
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat;
And I think that the tender Master,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For dear little heads in the pew.

Clear in the hymns responding
To the organ's swelling chord,
Mingle the fresh young voices,
Eager to praise the Lord.
And I trust that the rising anthem,
He cares for me and for you,
The thought and the music blended,
For dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear "The Lord is my Shepherd,"
Or "Suffer the babes to come,"
They are glad that the loving Jesus
Has given them the lamb's home,
A place of their own with his people,
He cares for me and for you,
But close in His arms He gathers
The dear little heads in the pew.

So I love in the great assembly
On the Sabbath morn to see
The dear little children clustered
And worshipping with me;
For I know that my precious Saviour,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For dear little heads in the pew.

Margaret E. Sangster.

Dr. Butler and India.

The recent receptions to Rev. Dr. Butler in New York and Brooklyn settled the esteem in which he is held in that section. His sermons and addresses were listened to by large numbers, who were held in closest attention by the Doctor's thrilling words. The impetus given the missionary cause was great, as it must always be where the people are given such historic truths in such earnest style. The fund for the purpose of sending Dr. Butler and his wife to India was not overlooked in the visit to New York, St. James itself raising \$200, the union meeting at St. Paul's \$250, and the one at Summerfield, Brooklyn, \$330, with some friends still to be heard from. The question of the proposed visit is being rapidly settled, but there is still needed enough to get the opportunity of being represented in this tribute of love. He should not go with the constant fear that he has barely enough to cover expenses, without provision for those contingencies that are sure to arise in such an extensive journey.

Miscellany.

FRIENDSHIPS.
Choose good friends. There is nothing which contributes more to the sweetness of life than friendship; there is nothing which disturbs our repose more than friends if we have not the discernment to choose them well. Be lenient to failings. Friendship is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings than by attachment to excellences. One is valued as a kindness that cannot be explained, the other as payment of a debt to merit.

BLINDNESS.
Thy will doth lead through thorny maze,
Unwilling, blind, we groping see
Our way to Thee—
So far to Thee.

Then take, oh! take us by the hand
(Be Thou our eyes, our blindness see),
And draw to Thee,
Draw near to Thee—
—*Christian at Work.*

CHURCH DRIFT-WOOD.
There are church members who are spoken of in clerical parlance as "drift-

wood," because they do nothing but drift with the current. Many of them are washed from the sterile banks of worldliness into the church by the tidal waves of revivals, and so long as the flood lasts they do very well and give promise of usefulness; but when the flood subsides there is a corresponding subsidence of their enthusiasm. Out with these negative souls! Give us positive characters in the church; members with the snap and courage to breast the current, and to strike bravely out in every good work, and for the truth. Above all, deliver the church and her ministers from old water-soaked logs, who lie stranded on the beach, immovable, except when the waters of the sanctuary rise to the revival freshest mark. — *Intelligencer.*

A NEGRO'S PRAYER.

A teacher in one of the colored schools in the South was about to go away for a season, and an old negro poured out for her the following fervent petitions. "I give you the words," said the writer, "but they convey no idea of the pathos and earnestness of the prayer." "Go afore her as a leadin' light and behind her as a protectin' angel. Rough-shod her feet vid de preparation of de gospel o' peace. Nail her ears to de gospel pole. Gib her de eye ob de eagle dat she spy out sin far off. Wax her hand to de gospel plow. Tie her tongue to de line of truth. Keep her feet in de narrow way and her soul in de channel ob faith. Bow her head low beneath her knees, an' her knees way down in some lonesome valley where prayer and supplication is much wanted to be made. Hedge an' ditch 'bout her, good Lord, and keep her in de strait an' narrow way dat leads to heaven."

NOT I, BUT CHRIST IN ME.

One who the garb of a disciple wore,
Knocked at the Beloved's door;
And from within, the Voice of sweetness rare
Asked, "Who is there?"

In accents bold,
The Lover made reply—
"Lord, it is I."
Then the Voice did say,
"This house will never hold
Both me and thee."
The Lover went away.

In thoughtful mood,
He sought the desert's solitude,
Living a twelvemonth there
In fasting and in prayer.
And on a certain day,
He stood once more
At the Beloved's door.
Again the Voice did cry—
"Who is there?"
Humbly he made reply,
"It is Thyself, O Lord."

The door, as by its own accord,
Swung open, and he entered in.
— *Sunday School Times.*

A WORD TO BUSINESS MEN.

Life is very weary and irksome to many of you. Even when you are envied for apparent success, you know how often you have heart-aches and are sick of yourselves. So it must ever be with men, and the stronger they are the keener their misery. The life above must be held in view to correct the errors and balance the defects of this. Get inward health from the Great Physician. Lose no time about it. Life is not yours, men of business. It is a loan, and a loan upon call. You will soon have to give an account. Be in the right relation to God, as a believer in His word—the relation of a forgiven sinner, a reclaimed child. Then will follow the right feeling, and it will bring the right action. The inoculation of a heavenly spiritual life may seem a small thing, and its effects may not be apparent at once. God help us! How little spiritual health we have. But it tells on the whole being, as a bridge as into communion with God, which elevates all earthly fellowship. — *Dr. John Hall.*

A PRACTICAL RELIGION.

We want a religion that softens the step, and tunes the voice to melody, and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors and considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being cross when dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is crying, and amuses the children as well as instructs them; cares for the servants besides paying them promptly; projects the honeymoon into the harvest-moon, and makes the happy home like the eastern fig-tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of its tender blossoms and the glory of its ripened fruit. We want a religion that shall interpose between the ruts and gullies of the highway of life, and the sensitive souls that are traveling over them. — *Selected.*

DEATH-BED TESTIMONY.

There was an overflowing congregation at the Presbyterian Church of Irvington, on a recent Sunday evening, when Dr. Thain Davidson preached his monthly sermon to young men. The text selected was from Gen. 48: 16: "The angel which redeemed me from all evil bless the lads." In closing his sermon, Dr. Davidson said, "There have been times, I own to you—though, thank God, they are now gone by—when painful doubts as to this Book started and troubled me, when I had almost begun to question the essential verities of the Christian faith; but at such moments of trial a father's dying testimony has been of unspeakable value; and it has been to me a wonderful inspiration to recall the day, now forty years ago, when he who, in the words of Jacob, had pronounced upon my head his paternal benediction, testified that this Book was enough for him at the gate of eternity; and when, within a few hours of death, he wrote with clear, bold penmanship, upon this pocket Bible which I now hold in my hand, these lines he had himself just composed:—

"Stand still and see, my waking soul,
How near the waves of Jordan roll;
The weary wilderness is past,
And thou hast reached its verge at last.

"And now, my anxious eyes explore
The verdant banks of Canaan's shore;
That land, by God's best blessing blest,
Where Israel's pilgrims ever rest.

"Then, wash'd all o'er in Jesus' blood,
As Nathan was in Jordan's flood,
May this sick, sin-polluted soul
Be made, like him, both clean and whole.

"Now let me plunge beneath the tide,
Safely emerge on yonder side;
And thus exchange earth's poor alloy
For an eternity of joy!"

FROM OUR MISSION ROOMS.

West China.—Dr. L. N. Wheeler writes, under date of Dec. 7, to the secretaries as follows: "I am permitted, by the favor of God, to announce to you our safe arrival in Chungking. We were long delayed in beginning the journey from Central China, and there have been some delays and trials of faith and courage on the way incident to a pioneer expedition like ours; but all difficulties are at length overcome, all dangers past, and a good Providence has permitted us the honor of planting the first mission families in West China. Brother Lewis, wife and infant, with Mrs. Wheeler, myself, our eldest daughter, who represents the W. F. M. Society, and our two young children, reached here (Chungking) on the 21 instant, when we occupied at once the premises rented by me when in the city last winter. The general health of our party is good, and we are earnestly engaged in adjusting ourselves to the new life and work before us. Our coming to this great mart and centre of population is a fact well known to the authorities. Our advent was heralded from city to city for nearly a thousand miles by means of official despatches. Not only were we not opposed by the mandarins, but there was no sign of a disposition to hinder us.

"To reach our destination we traveled for weeks through a country of beautiful scenery, whose agriculture has been developed to a high state of perfection, whose industries are numerous and flourishing, and where abundant on every side a superior class of homes for the living and tombs for the dead. A vast region covered with an industrious rural population, with uncounted cities and villages, lies open before us, waiting for the Gospel messenger. The field is inviting, but the adversaries will be many. We implore the sympathies and prayers of the church on behalf of our enterprise, which looks to nothing less than laying the foundation of a spiritual empire destined not only to cover this province, but to extend into many provinces and into the interior of Central Asia. We can hope to be sufficient unto this enterprise only in the name and power of Him by whose divine command this mission is now undertaken."

Japan Mission.—Though the concentration of our educational interests in Tokio according to the proposed plan for a University was inaugurated by the action of the Japan Mission annual meeting last July, in transferring the Mission Seminary from Yokohama, yet the purchase of a site for permanent buildings has been subject to delay. It was necessary to pass through certain legal formalities before the mission could be in a position to hold such property. Hon. J. A. Bingham, United States Minister to Japan, has kindly rendered all proper assistance in furthering the wishes of the mission in this regard. The negotiation for a certain plot of ground, protracted through several months, has, as we are informed under date of Feb. 5, been concluded, and the purchase effected, much to the gratification of all the members of our mission and of our native churches. Dr. Maclay writes concerning the ground: "The site just purchased contains about twenty-five acres of land situated in the western suburbs of Tokio near the palace grounds where the Emperor at present resides. The land in question was formerly used by the Japanese government as a 'model farm,' conducted by its colonization department; and on this account the place has become widely known in Japan. The experiment of a model farm having run its course after a period of eight or ten years, the land passed into private hands, and we were fortunate enough to get possession of it as already stated. The situation is one of the best in Tokio, and, with the blessing of God, we may hope that its acquisition will prove to be a great help to our mission." The price paid for the land was \$6,000 in Japanese paper currency, equal to about \$4,800 Mexican dollars. The required sum was furnished by Rev. John F. Goucher, of Baltimore. The dormitory building, which was occupied by the Seminary at Yokohama and had been taken down for transference, was to be immediately re-erected on the new ground. Other buildings will follow in due time. The school building at Yokohama was sold to the W. F. M. Society.

Dr. Maclay sends us also the following cheering intelligence: "I am truly thankful to be able to say that God is with us in our work. A spirit of religious revival, bringing 'a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord,' is spreading in Japan, both among the foreign community and among the Japanese Christians. I have not before seen anything like it since coming to Japan, and trust we are about to witness signal displays of divine mercy in the conversion of many souls."

Temperance.

WITH A MORAL.

"John," said a clergyman to his man, "I should be a teetotaler; you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you ever take a drop yourself, minister?" "Yes, John, but you must look at your circumstances and mine."

"Very true, sir," says John; "but you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John, I cannot tell you that." "Well, sir, was just because every one kept his door clean."

EXAMPLE FOR TEMPERANCE MEN.

That was an argument for prohibition which even the drinker can appreciate, which was made by an Ohio drinking man just before the election in that State. He said: "I have three boys. One of them is old enough to drink, and is drinking. He learned it in the saloon. My prayer is, and my vote shall be cast, to close the saloons before my other boys get into them and get to drinking; and I know scores and scores of other drinking men who are as anxious as I am to close the saloons before the little boys reach them."

MINISTERS.

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MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

UNION PREACHERS' MEETING.

The preachers of Lynn district and the southern portion of Dover district (N. H. Conference) were cordially received, and hospitably entertained by the pastor and people of the Ipswich church, Feb. 27 and 28. Twenty or more of the preachers from the two districts held an interesting, harmonious and profitable meeting. Conference lines were not recognized. Each brother was eligible for any appointment he might receive. Will Conference lines be set aside at the coming annual conferences? Rumor says, "Yes, in some cases."

Rev. C. N. Smith, the pastor, called the meeting to order, and Dr. Thayer, presiding elder of Lynn district, was chosen president. Bros. C. F. Rice and S. C. Carey presented interesting essays on "Faith and Presumption," having reference in part to the much-discussed modern "faith cures." The subject was approached from different standpoints, yet the writers substantially agreed. "The Gift of Power—What? How obtained? Is it for all?" was ably discussed by Bros. D. Steele and D. W. Downs. The former dwelt more particularly on "power," mentioning several obstructions, such as timidity, excess of gospel and too little of law, lack of positiveness, lack of the preacher's personal experience, lack of earnestness, fire, etc. Bro. D. argued that "power" is for all in the ordinary sense, and may be obtained by true repentance, true obedience, consecration and faith. An exegetical essay was read by Bro. J. F. Spaulding, on Matt. 4: 1-11. He took the ground that the narrative of Christ's temptation is one of actual facts that occurred. He gave an able exposition.

In the commodious and beautiful audience-room in the evening, Bro. G. F. Eaton preached an excellent sermon on "Life Viewed as a Probation," taking for his text Psalm 11: 11.

Wednesday morning Bro. G. A. McLaughlin discussed "The Present Needs of the Church." Bro. W. J. Hambleton followed on the same topic. The subject was ably presented and many points of interest were brought out. In the discussion participated in by a goodly number of brethren, the need of children attending the preaching services was emphasized. Let the little children come, even if restless.

By request of the meeting, Bro. F. K. Stratton read a well-prepared essay on the subject, "To what extent is it proper for a Methodist minister to introduce his own preferences for his appointment?" As might be expected, a lively discussion followed. In the afternoon an essay was read on "The Importance of Early Religious Culture, or Childhood in the Church," by Mrs. W. M. Ayres. Dr. Thayer gave an address on the same topic. Discussion was continued on this theme to the hour of adjournment.

The meeting and exchange of views among the brethren of the two districts was profitable. A committee was appointed to arrange for another meeting some time in June.

W. M. AYRES, Sec'y.

PORTLAND DISTRICT ASSOCIATION.

This Association met at Pine Street Church, Portland, Feb. 19. The opening sermon was preached in the evening by Rev. W. F. Holmes, of Alfred, from Acts 20: 22-24, in which he elaborated the theme, "Steadfastness of Devotion to Christ."

On Tuesday morning the Association was organized by the election of Rev. C. J. Clark, chairman, and Rev. J. M. Williams, secretary. The first paper read was by Rev. S. F. Wetherbee on the topic "Church Records; of What do they Consist? How and by Whom kept?" This excellent paper ought to be published in full in the HERALD. Rev. C. W. Bradley read a brief paper on the "Duty of our Preachers in Relation to the Enforcement of the Sunday Law." The next paper was a long, discriminating and logical discussion of the topic, "Healing by Faith," read by Rev. E. S. Stackpole. This paper deserves a much wider hearing, and the Association requested its publication in ZION'S HERALD. Rev. H. B. Wardwell followed with an excellent paper on "Ministerial Courtesy," proved to be a live question. It was begun on Tuesday and finished on Wednesday.

Rev. W. W. Baldwin read a carefully-prepared historical-prophetic paper, in which he showed that the time had now extended from three months to three years, and that there are forty cases of exceptions to the three years' rule. With regard to removing the time limit, with a large majority in favor of the present limitation.

A delightful service was held on Tuesday evening, with Rev. M. C. Penick as the preacher of the occasion, from the text Rom. 6: 23. At the close of the discussion of the topic on the itinerancy, Rev. A. McKeown, D. D., read an able paper on "The Relation of Methodism to the Conservation of the Consensus of Evangelical Faith." The Association requested the publication of this delightful paper in ZION'S HERALD. A delightful paper in ZION'S HERALD. A delightful paper in ZION'S HERALD. A delightful paper in ZION'S HERALD.

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of the two days was filled, and extended discussion of the later topics was not practicable for want of time. J. M. WILLIAMS, Sec'y.

EASTERN CONNECTICUT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

This Association held a meeting in Colchester, Conn., Feb. 19-21. The weather proved fine throughout the meeting, so that good-sized audiences were able to be present at all the sessions, and especially in the evening to hear the sermons.

On Monday evening, Rev. F. C. Biker, of Greenville, preached a spiritual sermon from Luke 5: 20: "When he saw their faith he said unto him, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee." The speaker made four points on "their faith," and then applied them to the church. It was an able paper. They brought their friend to Jesus. It was a persistent faith: They surmounted all difficulties and laid their helpless friend at Jesus' feet. It was a united faith: One man could not have done what these four did. It was, lastly, a victorious faith: God could not deny such a faith.

The sermon on Tuesday evening was preached by Rev. Walter E. Hazard, of Andover, from John 13: 35; subject, "The marks of discipleship are essential to the progress of Christianity." The preaching in both instances was inspiring and helpful to ministry and laity, and the most marked feature of the whole preachers' meeting was the praying. All the devotional exercises were attended by hallowed influences which were spiritually of great profit to the church. God seemed very near.

The discussions were more interesting than usual, and more care evidently had been taken in the preparation of the papers. Introducing them. Rev. J. H. James, of Danielsonville, not being able to be present, his paper was read by the secretary. Subject: "How can the Expenses of working our Itinerant System be Decreased without Impairing its Efficiency?" The positions taken by Bro. James started a lively discussion. He took conservative ground in regard to the itinerancy, but was radical in reference to the traveling expenses of Bishops, the office of presiding elder, and also the time limit in the itinerancy.

Rev. H. M. Cole had a paper on "Faith Cure, its Scriptural Authority." The paper was orthodox, but not careful in defining the position of the author. Hence a part of the after discussion was a wordy combat against an imaginary foe. Bro. Cole bore such criticism with great equanimity. The discussion, however, had this excellent effect: To clarify many minds that had been muddled by the recent preaching of a faith healer in a neighboring town.

Bros. Holden, Povey, Montgomery and Tinker gave the extemporaneous discussions on the subject, and the large audience thoroughly appreciated them. Rev. Hugh Montgomery read a most carefully-written essay on "Our Duty toward the Papal Population of our Country and how best Performed." Bro. Montgomery believes that the Gospel should be preached to the Papists as their only hope of salvation, but prefers that every good Catholic should remain in his church and "leave" the rest; no proselyting, but emulation of Christian example.

Rev. S. Sprows presented a more than ordinary paper as a review of "Pope's Theology." This paper was especially interesting to the young preachers, who heartily sympathized with Bro. Sprows in all his positions. Some of the elder brethren, partly from force of habit perhaps, undertook to discuss the work and the essay, but not having read the work, they could not intelligently criticize either, and were compelled to succumb. By a unanimous vote of the Association, Bro. Sprows' paper will be published in ZION'S HERALD. As for the rest of the papers on the programme, those presented were all good. A few failures on the part of those appointed to attend caused some trouble, but valid excuses were offered.

Rev. E. L. Latham, our South American missionary recently returned, gave an excellent off-hand talk on the condition of the people of Aspinwall temporarily, morally and spiritually. He found that the Romanists were not bitter against Protestantism, and in Panama a very strong anti-Catholic movement is in progress among the Catholics. The Gospel is the power at work. C. A. STENHOUSE.

ROCKLAND DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

This Association held its third annual session for the present Conference year at Union, Me., commencing Tuesday, Feb. 13.

The first service was a social one, conducted by Rev. B. M. Mitchell, of South Thomaston. The Association elected Rev. A. Prince of Thomaston, president, and Rev. W. L. Brown, of Wadoboro, secretary. On Tuesday evening Rev. M. W. Prince gave a discourse to an interested audience.

Devotional services on Wednesday morning were led by Rev. C. L. Haskell of East Boothbay. Essays were then presented upon "Home Missions and their Wants," by Rev. Messrs. Prince and Mitchell. Discussions followed. Rev. W. L. Brown presented an essay entitled "The Best Way to Preach Temperance." At the afternoon session the theme of the essay and temperance in general was discussed at great length, clergymen and laymen alike participating. Dr. Batchelder, Adolphus Bartlett, etc., and other members of the Union Reform Club, spoke warm and earnest words for our sacred cause. The temperance sentiment is strong in this beautiful rural town; its work is entrusted to able hands and faithful hearts, and the temperance fort will be firmly held. At a later hour Rev. Mr. Haskell read an essay upon the conditions of ministerial success and in what it consists.

The concluding service was held on Wednesday evening, at which time a sermon was delivered by Rev. W. L.

Brown of Wadoboro. The chapel was filled with attentive listeners, and the presence of the divine Master was sensibly felt.

Although the drifting snows prevented the attendance of many brethren, our meeting has been one of much interest and profit. The hospitality of the good people of Union was abundant and Christian harmony and fellowship perfect. Rev. S. H. Beale, the pastor, is abundant in labors for the welfare of the community.

SUGAR RIVER VALLEY MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

This Association met at Sunapee, N. H., Feb. 15. Bros. Jasper, Holman, Adams, Dorr, Keeler, Perkins, Nicklin and Harrison were present. A constitution was framed and adopted, and the Association will henceforth be known as the "Sugar River Valley Sunday-school and Ministerial Association."

It is hoped that the admission of the laity into the Association will prove a mutual benefit, exciting a more general interest in all departments of church work, especially that of the Sabbath-school. The presiding elder is present, the Clarendon M. E. pastor, vice-president, J. L. Harrison, secretary, J. W. Adams, treasurer, and Dr. Currier, of Newport, recording secretary. There were also an executive committee of five appointed.

Sermons were preached by Revs. Harrison, Dorr and Jasper, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. The attendance at these services was good, and a precious revival spirit pervaded all the meetings. A good number of young people sought and found the Saviour. During Thursday and Friday evenings were read and discussed. Bro. Holman also gave an interesting account of his work at Concord. We think all will agree that the occasion was a profitable one in every respect. It was voted to hold the next Association at Clarendon the first week in June.

J. L. HARRISON, Sec'y.

Obituaries.

Died, in South Lincoln, Mass., Jan. 2, Mrs. Mary Jones, widow of the late James Jones, aged 87 years and 11 months.

Sister Treadwell was converted some five years ago, under the labors of Rev. M. Pendleton. From that time to the close of her life she was a faithful follower of her Lord. During about three months she was passing gently down to the "banks of the river." With great gentleness of mind she looked forward to the time of her departure. Her preparation seemed complete, and as the end drew near she longed to "depart and be with Christ." Her earthly prospects were fair, and her life had many attractions for her, but the heavenly attraction was stronger. Her many excellent qualities of heart and mind greatly endeared her to a large circle of friends, who sincerely mourn her loss. She was a deeply religious woman, and many of her unconverted friends to meet her in heaven. Her end was peaceful and triumphant, and her memory is blessed.

Died, in Lawrence, Mass., Jan. 6, 1883, CLARA OTIS, wife of Nathaniel Otis, and daughter of Jesse and Martha Vose, of Kingfield, Me., aged 35 years and 9 months.

Sister Otis naturally had a kind heart, but after Christ had taken possession, it was still more kind and sympathetic. She was a friend to the friendless, a supporter of the lowly, a comfort to the bereaved, a loving daughter, and a dutiful and loving wife. She was ready to help in every good cause. She gave her heart to the Saviour some four years ago, under the labors of Rev. E. S. Stackpole. She lived in the love of the Church, lived well, submitted to the call of the Master to come up higher, and has gone to join her mother in heaven, who passed on a few months before. She leaves a loving daughter, and a dutiful and loving wife. May God comfort and sustain them!

J. R. MASTERMAN.

It Has Done Wonderful Things for Her. So writes a daughter of the effect of Compound Oxygen on her mother, a lady in her sixty-ninth year, about whose case, when submitted to us for an opinion, we wrote discouragingly. After the first treatment had been used up, this report was made: "You perhaps remember that when you gave her (my mother) your advice, you said that you did not think her case as hopeful as a majority of your patients, so that you cannot always tell in advance. It has done wonderful things for her, and I would have been glad if you could have witnessed them. At the time she commenced taking the Oxygen she did not think she could live very long. She was feeble, and in a state of prostration, a victim of extreme nervous prostration, with no special sign of disease, beside. Life was almost a burden to her, so dark and dreary looked the whole world. Today she is cheerful, with more strength, and a healthy vitality than most persons of her age—sixty-nine. After a busy forenoon, she has gone a quarter of a mile to make calls. Her nature on Compound Oxygen, its nature, ready and waiting results, and the cases and full information, sent free. DRS. STARKY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

S. H. NOON.

Mrs. BELINDA GUTHRIE, wife of Curtis Guthrie, was born Feb. 22, 1807, and died in Goulsboro, Me., Dec. 17, 1881, aged 74 years and 10 months.

Sister Guthrie entered the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ in nineteen years of age, joined the M. E. Church, and for fifty-five years was faithful in her church duties; she walked with Christ in God. Eight children were given to her, and she lived to bury four of them. On her death-bed, speaking of her children, she said: "One half of them are over the river; I have just as many in heaven as on earth. I shall soon meet those that have passed away." She had a great anxiety to see her children brought to the Saviour, and for this she labored and prayed. May her labor and prayers be not in vain!

She loved the church and its ordinances, adhering closely to its tenets, teaching her children and grandchildren godliness and Methodism. The itinerant has, and does now, find the home an "Elm of palms," where he may rest and be refreshed. Her sickness was of some weeks' duration, but in it she manifested a spirit of Christian courage, bearing her illness without a murmur. I said to her one day: "Sister, you are almost over the river?" She replied, "Yes, I shall soon see Jesus and my children that are there, I shall wait for my husband and the rest of my children to come. I long to go." In her last hours she had a vision, as she expressed it; she saw a great light repeated three times, and about it she talked freely. Her last word was, "Home;" and to the home that Christ prepared, and for which she labored, she has gone. May the husband, who is a member of the church, and the children, all meet in heaven!

Mrs. LYDIA N. MOORE, wife of Joel Moore, departed this life in Goulsboro, Me., Oct. 26, 1881, aged 75 years and 9 months.

Sister Moore was converted under the labors of Rev. David Richards, and joined the M. E. Church during the pas-

torate of Rev. Moses Palmer. She was a faithful and devoted member of the church militant for forty-two years, ever constant at the attendance of the church services, and was found on the Sabbath in her place at the house of God. But her worship on earth is ended, for she is now a member of the church triumphant. She gave three of her sons to the church, and when the news of their deaths reached her, she could look up through tears and feel that God doeth all things well. She could say with Job: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Her home was, and now is, the home of the Methodist itinerant; in it many a weary one has found rest. I visited her in her sickness, and she was sweetly trusting Christ. Speaking of her getting well, she said, "God's will be done."

She delighted in the Word of God; it was her counsel, and the Holy Spirit was her comforter. God was her support in the wildest of her life, and in death's hour through Him she triumphed. The Monday previous to her death she asked her daughter for the Bible. It was brought, and she took it, and turned to the words Matt. 7: 7, 8: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; for every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh shall find, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." She had experienced the preciousness of the promises found in the passage when in health, sorrow and affliction, but in her sickness did she seem to realize it as never before.

Her husband, who is a member of the church, sons and daughters, mourn her departure. May they all meet that mother in heaven!

W. BALDWIN.

ANNE M. TREADWELL died in Naples, Me., Sept. 24, 1882, aged 22 years, 11 months.

Sister Treadwell was converted some five years ago, under the labors of Rev. M. Pendleton. From that time to the close of her life she was a faithful follower of her Lord. During about three months she was passing gently down to the "banks of the river." With great gentleness of mind she looked forward to the time of her departure. Her preparation seemed complete, and as the end drew near she longed to "depart and be with Christ." Her earthly prospects were fair, and her life had many attractions for her, but the heavenly attraction was stronger. Her many excellent qualities of heart and mind greatly endeared her to a large circle of friends, who sincerely mourn her loss. She was a deeply religious woman, and many of her unconverted friends to meet her in heaven. Her end was peaceful and triumphant, and her memory is blessed.

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SIGNIFICANT SPRING.

A Dissertation upon its advent, and its effect upon mankind.

"The green leaf of the new come Spring"—Shel. Everybody recognizes spring, when it is once upon us, but many persons are not familiar with the exact date of its appearance. Webster, the world-renowned lexicographer gives us a definition, which may not be inappropriate here. Spring, says he, "is the season of the year when plants begin to vegetate and rise; the vernal season, comprehending the months of March, April and May, in the middle latitudes north of the equator."

Thomson, in his "Seasons," and Shakespeare in many of his works, have, perhaps, no peers in describing it, and yet "eternal spring" is freighted with malaria, that insidious foe, lurking not far from the heart of the human race. It spreads over the fairest portions of our land; brings death and disease to thousands; cuts off scores upon scores of our children and youth, as well as those in advanced life. A pestilence is regarded with little less apprehension, and people everywhere are asking, "What is it?" "Where does it come from?" "What will cure it?"

KIDNEY-WORT, AS A SPRING MEDICINE.

When you begin to lose appetite;—have a headache, a pain in your side, back, and shoulders;—to toss about at night in restless dreams;—wake in the morning with a foul mouth and a dured tongue;—feel disinclined to go about your work, heavy body and oppressed in mind;—have a fit of the blues;—when your urine gets scanty or high colored;—to suffer with constipation, diarrhoea, or indigestion;—have a painful, dull face, dull eyes, and a bloated skin;—one of these common complaints will certainly be evidence that your liver is disordered, torpid, or perhaps diseased. A bottle of Kidney-Wort, is, under such circumstances, a precious boon sent from heaven to relieve you.

Bare assertions of proprietors have come to possess less force than they frequently merit. The cause of this condition of popular skepticism is, in the main, to be found in the fact that charlatanism covers our broad land. Meritorious articles are too frequently found in bad company.

The proprietors of Kidney-Wort always prove all their assertions touching the merits of their preparations. When we affirm, therefore, that Kidney-Wort is a specific for just such disorders as have been mentioned in this article, the proof, too, belongs to and shall follow this statement.

A PHYSICIAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Dr. R. K. Clark, a regular physician of extensive practice in Grand Isle County, and a worthy deacon of the Congregational Church at South Hero, Vt., has used Kidney-Wort for several years in his practice, and before the present proprietors purchased an interest in it, he had given his unbiased opinion in its favor. This opinion has not changed. "It has done better than any other remedy," he writes. "I, the Doctor, can say, further on he writes: 'I do not recollect an instance where the patient to whom I have given it has failed to receive benefit from its use, and in some severe cases most decidedly so.' These are strong words. They are from a representative, conscientious, ever-approachable public citizen, however, and—better still—they are true.

Kidney-Wort will bear all the encomiums lavished upon it by its friends—and their name is legion. "I will swear by Kidney-Wort all the time," writes Mr. J. R. Kaufman, of Lancaster, Pa. We will supplement this by asserting, as a matter of fact, and one capable of demonstration, that all honest patrons of this remedy are its friends and advocates.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

CATARRH

